

A COMPLETE STORY A Genius's Discovery of a Strange Scientific Method of Detecting Crime A COMPLETE STORY

The Achievement of Luther Irani

By Edwin Balmer and William McHarg

The Man in the Room

A Detective Story of an Entirely New Sort, Where a "Guilt-Gauging Machine" Forces the Truth From Sealed Lips.

"THE MAN IN THE ROOM" is the second of a series of LUTHER IRANI stories which will be printed complete in THE EVENING WORLD each Saturday. Be on the lookout for next week's. You must not miss it.

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"AMAZING, TRANT."
"More than merely amazing! Face the fact, Dr. Reiland, and it is astounding, incredible, disgraceful, that after five thousand years of civilization, our police and court procedures recognize no higher knowledge of men than the first Pharaoh put into practice in Egypt before the pyramids!"

Young Luther Irani stood around his head impatiently into the hear front on the campus walk. His queerly misshapen eyes—one more gray than blue, the other more blue than gray—flashed at his older companion earnestly. Then, with the same rebellious impatience, he caught step once more with Reiland, as he went on in his intention:

"You saw the paper this morning, Dr. Reiland? A man's body found in Jackson park? Six suspects seen near the spot have been arrested. The Scholastic abduction or murder? Three men under arrest for that since last Wednesday. The Lawton trial progressing? With the likelihood that young Lawton will be declared innocent, eighteen months he has been in confinement—eighteen months of idle association with criminals!"

The old professor turned his ruddy face, glowing with the frost, early-morning air, patiently and questioningly, toward his young companion.

"Well, Trant," he asked now, "what is it?"

"Just that, professor! Five thousand years of being civilized! Trant burst on, and we still have the 'third degree'! We still condemn a man for his crime, hoping he will 'fess or 'fess color,' 'gasp or 'stammer.' And if in the face of this crude test we find him prepared or handicapped so that he can prevent the blood from sufficing his face, or too noticeably leaving it if he inflates his lungs properly and controls his tongue when he speaks, we are ready to call him innocent. Is it not so, sir?"

"Dr. Reiland," Trant went on more soberly, "you have taught me the use of the cardiograph, by which the effect upon the heart of every act and passion can be read as a physician reads the pulse chart of his patient, the pneumograph, which traces the minutest motion of the breathing, the galvanometer, that wonderful instrument which, though a man hold every feature and muscle passionless as death, will betray him through the sweat of his forehead, the palms of his hands. You have taught me—as a scientific experiment—how a man not seen to stammer or hesitate, in perfect control of his tongue and faculties, must surely show through his thought associations, which he cannot know he is betraying, the marks that any important act and every crime must make indelibly upon his mind. "Associations," Dr. Reiland interrupted him less patiently. "That is merely the method of the German doctors—Dr. Reiland's method—used by you in your lecture to diagnose the cases of adolescent insanity."

A Girl's Appeal for Assistance.

"Precisely," Trant's eyes flashed, as he faced the old professor. "Merely the method of the German doctors? The method of Freud and Jung. Do you think that I, with that method, would not have known eighteen months ago that Lawton was innocent? Do you suppose that I could not pick out among those sixteen men the person who murdered? If I knew such a person comes to me I shall tell him. I shall not take a week."

In spite of himself Dr. Reiland's lips curled at this arrogant assertion. "It may be so," he said. "I have seen, Trant, how the work of the German, Swiss and American investigators, and the delicate experiments in the psychological laboratory which make visible and record the secrets of the mind, have fired your imagination. It may be that the murderer would be a little or even less able to conceal his guilt than the psychomotorist, but I motioned to the quiet campus with its skeleton trees and white-frosted grass plots. "But why," he demanded suddenly, in a sterner tone, "a delicate girl like Margaret Lawrie running across the campus at 5 o'clock on this chilly morning without either hat or jacket?"

The girl who was speeding toward them along an intersecting walk, had plainly caught up as she left her home the first thing handy—a shawl—which she fastened about her neck and shoulders, and in the time lines of her straight mouth and rounded chin, Trant read the nervous anxiety of a disappointed woman.

"Of Reiland," she demanded, in a quick, "do you know where my father is?"

"Only dear Margaret," the old man took her hand, which trembled violently, "you must not excite yourself this way."

"You do not know," the girl cried excitedly. "I see it in your face. Dr. Reiland, father did not come home last night! He sent no word."

Reiland's face grew more grave. No one knew better than he how great was the break in Dr. Lawrie's habits that his daughter's trip implied, for the man was his dearest friend. Dr. Lawrie had been treated in the university office to work. He was in that time only three events—his marriage, the birth of his daughter and his wife's death—had been answered in the perfect way, the stern and rigorous routine into which he had welded his lonely life. So Reiland paled and drew the trembling girl toward him.

When did you see him last, Miss Lawrie?" Trant asked gently.

"Mr. Branner," Trant recalled, "Dr. Lawrie was found this morning dead in his office."

"An accident?" the woman asked, leaning forward. Even as she waited with the horror of this news, Trant found himself wondering at her beauty. "Dr. Lawrie apoplexiated," she repeated, accidentally, Mr. Trant."

"We—hope so, Miss Branner," Trant replied, with a smile. "There is no clue to the perpetrator."

"Why, it was an accident, Mrs. Branner, there was no perpetrator," President Joslyn met Branner's gaze mechanically and acquainted the president of the trustees, almost curtly, with the facts as he had found them.

"It seems, Joslyn," Branner used almost the same words that Joslyn had used just before his arrival, "like a confession! It is suicide!"

He turned, fumbling in his pocket for a key. "He sent this Saturday, he confessed, 'I am sorry, I should have come to him at once, but I could not suspect this.'"

Joslyn read the letter through with a look of intense coloration. It was in the clear hand of the dead treasurer.

"But it has been cancelled. See, he said it. And these," the old professor pointed to the ashes in the tray, "if these, too, were notes raised, as you say, by the method of the German doctors, they would tell us the truth."

"Paid? Yes," Dr. Joslyn's voice rang out. "Paid from the university funds. The examination which I made personally, and which the board of trustees authorized, showed that Dr. Lawrie was not a man of means."

Reiland arose and touched his old friend's hand, his voice breaking. "It has been done for hours. Oh, Lawrie!"

Already they were sounding in the corridors, and the notes about were fast falling before Trant made out the president's thin figure bending against the wind as he hurried across the campus.

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